Jas. Mat Lafferdinan,
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Barracks Detachment,
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June 7, 1917.

My darling, precious Joe: —

It is not because there is anything in particular I wish to tell you, but, because you asked me to write, that this is being written — so don't you expect anything much — cause I don't know what to write. There is nothing I can tell you — you (being a bright) know everything except how lonesome I am for you and how much I love

It seems queer to be writing to you but I am mighty happy that I do not have to put on a Memphis Tenn. address; even if it does take me an hour, 45 minutes and 59 seconds, exact! by the clock - to write your address.

Have been wondering if you liked to-day since it looked so much like rain. Tell Col. Moses that I said he should give you a pair of rubber

you; and this you could never know even if you were Supreme Court Justice of U. S. But you know, my Joey. I am not a smart lawyer - so you had better write to me just how much you love me, and do not leave anything to my imagination - cause, well, you know, I am nothing but an ordinary common pharmacist - that explains how much sense I have.

boots, a raincoat and a man to carry an umbrella over you, I be wants you to go out in the rain. First day I said so.

I will probably go to bed early to-night - feel so tired that I can hardly wait for the dispensary to close.

How would you like me to call you up to-morrow evening at 8.30? It will be late before you are there with supper - and you know - our time is rather expensive at 10 per 3 minutes - so that is what I'll do. - remember 8.30.

Lovingly - (signed) Frances.

How is your infant alarm clock?